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# BOMBASTES FURIOSO;

A BURLESQUE TRAGIC OPERA,

In One Act,

By WILLIAM BARNES RHODES.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY,

With Remarks, by D.-G.

A Description of the Costume, cast of the Characters, Entrances and Exits, Relative Positions of the Performers, and the whole of the Stage Business, as now performed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with a  
FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,

from  
A Drawing taken in the Theatre  
by

MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.



Shakspeare















*W. Cruikshank, Del.*

*G. F. Bonner, Sc*

## **Bombastes furioso.**

*Artaxominous* For which we make you Duke of Strombello.

*Scene 1.*







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BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

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As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

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## REMARKS.

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### Bombastes Furioso.

THERE was nothing in the outward man or manner of Mr. William Barnes Rhodes that indicated humour. In stature he was short and thickset, with a plodding old-fashioned gait, business-like and bustling. His physiognomy was inexpressive and ordinary ; he had none of the “ lurking-devil ” in his eye that bespeaks the wit or the wag ; the facetious wight who could pen Bombastes Furioso. He was the second son of Richard and Mercy Rhodes of Leeds, and was born in that murky manufacturing town on Christmas Day 1772. He made his debut in the office of an attorney, from whence he was transferred to the Bank of England. His talents, integrity, and attention to business, after a long and faithful service, were rewarded with the honorable post of Chief Teller. If the “ old Lady of Threadneedle Street ” engrossed his dutiful attention by day, those younger and more agreeable nymphs, the nine Muses, were the jocund companions of his leisure hours. Besides Bombastes, he wrote two dramatic pieces, of the merits of which we know nothing ; for they were never played or printed ; and a volume of Epigrams published in 1803—a mediocre affair. Mr. Rhodes lived in a state of luxurious Bachelorship until he turned the corner of fifty ; he then turned Benedick — sold his rare dramatic library — (“ marriage is chargeable ! ”) and “ shuffled off this mortal coil ”

Nov. 1, 1826. As a Bibliomaniac and Bachelor we must contemplate him, seated in his snugery ; taking his ease at his “ Inn ;” and surrounded by folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos of the ancient and modern drama, from Shakspeare to Skeffington ! His conversation, which upon most occasions betrayed nothing brilliant, now became lively and animated. He was learned in title-pages ; deeply erudite in sale catalogues ; an infallible guide as to prices ; a high authority regarding copies short and tall, tracing them backward to their earliest known possessors ; and a judicious critic, when the rarity of the edition, rather than the merits of the work, was the subject of debate. Mr. Rhodes was an inveterate play-goer. In *his* day the Theatre was an eloquent treat. The noble, the intellectual of the land filled its crowded benches ; and the highest histrionic genius that the world ever saw dignified the scene. The third row in the pit from the orchestra was his pabulum. There he sat, the centre of a circle of dramatic enthusiasts that, night after night, beheld Thalia and Melpomene in all their glory. One of these worthies of the olden time was a brother Bank Clerk ; a tall gaunt gentleman, and an ardent admirer of Siddons and Kemble. Upon these occasions, the spirit of burlesque burning in the bosom of our merry bard, he would—between the acts—wickedly indulge in extemporaneous parodies on speeches that a few minutes before had “ drowned the stage with tears,” to the horror and dismay of the colossal critic aforesaid, whose aquiline red nose flamed furious indignation that Shakspeare’s “ Muse of fire ” should be brought to such base uses. Yet it was not that he loved the bard of Avon less, but that he loved Travestie more, that Mr. Rhodes wantoned in these waggeries ; and Bombastes

being (as it undoubtedly was) the ludicrous result, we feel no desire to quarrel with them. There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and that step Mr. William Barnes Rhodes has taken with singular good luck. Kings and Queens, disrobed of their finery, and stripped of their state, are very common-place folk. "What is your Majesty but a *ceremony*?" replied a certain witty ambassador to one of the Georges,<sup>1</sup> when that monarch slighted his complaint that his reception at a foreign court had been disrespectfully unceremonious. Maids of Honour, too, though fluttering in brocade and blonde, are but mortal maids; and Sticks, silver and gold, automaton sticks strutting upon two! Dignity attaches to the Fool's Coat no less than to the Fool. And as charity covereth a multitude of sins, mummeries multitudinous are hidden beneath the ermined robes of royalty. The Prince of Conde said that no man was a hero in the eyes of his valet de chambre. Little dreamt King Jamie when he put forth his celebrated "*Counterblast*," that crowned heads, in after times, would become converts to tobacco. Yet such is the astounding fact! Artaxominous smokes short cut; the puffing Majesty of Utopia blows his cloud. The imperial pipes are themselves a museum; and happy the auctioneer (the *Christie* and *Manson* of days to come!) whose professional hammer shall knock down to the best bidder these august implements of the royal pastime! to say nothing of the *cut*, long and short, that made a chimney pot of the mouth and nostrils of the monarch, and steeped his senses in forgetfulness. Artaxominous alternately stuffs and moistens his clay; his clerk of the kitchen, therefore, dutifully enquires what dainties that day for dinner shall be transferred from the spit or pot to his



intestines. His Majesty, not having the fear of Queen Griskinissa before his eyes, falls in love with Distaffina the rural Beauty of Bombastes Furioso ; and under the influence of this naughty passion, looks as cheerful as a pig of lead, and as merry as a bag of sand. Bombastes returns victorious from the wars, and after promising to pay his " brave army " (a battalion of four warriors, drummer and fifer included !) at the Barley-Mow, receives from Artaxominous the Dukedom of Strombello ; and joins that jolly Potentate and Fusbos (Clerk of the Disappointments in the Fudge Office !) over a rollicking bowl of Punch and a whiff, crowning the flourish with a song touching Hope telling a flattering tale much longer than his invincible arm that hurled to Pluto the enemies of Utopia. In a subsequent interview with Distaffina, the King, incog, unfolds his flame. She stands fixed as the " tall bully," but speedily mollifies when the sun of royalty blazes through the plebeian cloud in meridian splendour, and binds the bargain with a potent drain of " full proof Hodges." At this critical moment the voice of Bombastes is heard ; and, to obviate a rumpus, Artaxominous conceals himself in a closet. The General, spying a cocked hat in the room, wisely concludes that the head cannot be far off. He discovers the King ; makes a profound obeisance ; resolves never more to love, but forthwith to be his own undertaker and gravedigger, since woman's constancy is all one of his organs of vision. The day being in the family way with fate, Fusbos encounters in his perambulations the " terrific squint " of three wall-eyed individuals ; when lo ! a fourth intercepts his path, squinting still more horribly, his eyes seeming to be ogling one another !



This bodes no good to ministers or Kings; but the vision of Scrubinda, who is domiciled in Dyott Street, and gets her living by replenishing and polishing the pewter, flits across his mind; he becomes despairing, and threatens, in musical numbers, to dangle upon nothing. In the mean while, the infatuated Furioso having threatened *not* to make away with himself, resolves to go mad; hangs his formidable pair of Jack Boots to a tree, with this fierce manifesto;

“ Who dares this pair of boots displace,  
 “ Must meet Bombastes face to face.”

unsheaths his Toledo, and retires a few paces back to watch the effect of his challenge. Artaxominous knocks down the boots; a battle-royal ensues; the King is slain! But vengeance is at hand, and the regicide receives his quietus from the “cold iron” of Fusbos!! The convulsing effect of this extravaganza may be easily imagined, when Mathews, Liston, Taylor, and little Mrs. Liston played the characters; and it reached its climax, when the deceased heroes were resuscitated, and joined in the jovial concluding chorus.

D.—G.

### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R.C. *Right of Centre*; L.C. *Left of Centre*; D.F. *Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; C.D.F. *Centre Door in the Flat*; R.D.F. *Right Door in the Flat*; L.D.F. *Left Door in the Flat*; R.D. *Right Door*; L.D. *Left Door*; S.E. *Second Entrance*; U.E. *Upper Entrance*; C.D. *Centre Door*.

\* \* he Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

## Cast of the Characters,

*As performed at the Theatres Royal, London.*

*Artaxominous, King of*

*Utopia* . . . . . Mr. Mathews.    Mr. Blanchard.

*Fusbos, Minister of State* Mr. Taylor.    Mr. Evans.

*General Bombastes* . . Mr. Liston.    Mr. J. Reeve.

*Distaffina* . . . . . Mrs. Liston.    Miss Goward,

*Attendants, or Courtiers, Army—Long Drummer,  
and Short Fifer.*

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## Costume.

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ARTAXOMINOUS.—Full dress court suit—point ruffles—long flowing powdered wig—three-cornered hat—rolled silk stockings—high-heeled shoes, with latches and rosets—long white laced cravat—long sword.

FUSBOS.—Full dress court suit—ruffles—small three-cornered hat and sword.

GENERAL BOMBASTES.—A general's military suit—jack boots—comic powdered wig and pigtail—long sword—sash—small cocked hat and plume—gauntlets.

ATTENDANTS or COURTIERS.—Full dress court suits, various.

ARMY.—A long drummer—a short fifer—a tall and short soldier—military caricature suits.

DISTAFFINA.—Coloured chintz gown open in front—crimson calimanco petticoat, white muslin apron—mob cap—white muslin handkerchief—black stockings and shoes.





## BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

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SCENE I.—*Interior of the Palace—a table set out with bowls, glasses, pipes, &c.*

ARTAXONIMOUS *discovered seated in his Chair of State, c. with Attendants R. and L.*

TRIO.—*Tekeli.*

*First A.* What will your Majesty please to wear?  
Or blue, green, red, black, white, or brown?

*Second A.* D'ye chose to look at the bill of fare?

*Art.* Get out of my sight, or I'll knock you down.

*Second A.* Here is soup, fish, or goose, or duck, or fowl,  
or pigeons, pig, or hare;

*First A.* Or blue, or green, or red, or black, or white, or  
brown.

What will your Majesty please to wear?

*Art.* Get out of my sight, or I'll knock you down.

[*Exeunt Attendants, R. and L.*]

*Enter FUSBOS, L., and kneels to the King.*

*Fus.* Hail, Artaxominous! ycleped the Great!  
I come, an humble pillar of thy state,  
Pregnant with news—but ere that news I tell,  
First let me hope your Majesty is well.

*Art.* Rise, learned Fusbos! rise, my friend, and know  
We are but middling—that is, but *so so*.

*Fus.* Only *so so*! O monstrous, doleful thing!  
Is it the muligrubs affect the king?  
Or, dropping poisons in the cup of joy?  
Do the blue devils your repose annoy?

*Art.* Nor mulligrubs, nor devils blue, are here,  
But yet we feel ourself a little *queer*.

*Fus.* Yes, I perceive it in that vacant eye,  
The vest unbutton'd, and the wig awry :  
So sickly cats neglect their fur-attire,  
And sit, and mope, beside the kitchen fire.

*Art.* Last night, when undisturbed by state affairs,  
Moist'ning our clay, and puffing off our cares,  
Oft the replenish'd goblet did we drain,  
And drank and smok'd, and smok'd and drank again ;  
Such was the case, our very actions such,  
Until at length we got a drop too much.

*Fus.* So when some donkey on the Blackheath road  
Falls, overpower'd beneath the sandy load ;  
The driver's curse unheeded swells the air,  
Since none can carry more than they can bear.

*Art.* The sapient Doctor Muggins came in haste,  
Who suits his physic to his patients' taste ;  
He, knowing well on what our heart is set,  
Hath just prescrib'd " to take a morning whet ;"  
The very sight each sick'ning pain subdues,  
Then sit, my Fusbos, sit and tell thy news.

*Fus.* [*Sitting L. of the table.*] Gen'ral Bombastes,  
whose resistless force  
Alone exceeds by far a brewer's horse,  
Returns victorious, bringing mines of wealth !

*Art.* Does he, by jingo ? then we'll drink his health.

[*Drum and fife, R.*

*Fus.* But hark ! with loud acclaim, the fife and drum  
Announce your army near ; behold they come !

[*Drum and fife beat again, R.*

*Enter BOMBASTES, R., attended by a Drummer, a Fifer,  
and two Soldiers, all very materially differing in size.*

*Bom.* [*To the Army.*] Meet me this evening at the  
Barley-Mow ;

I'll bring your pay : you see I'm busy now :  
Begone brave army, and do'nt kick up a row.

[*Exeunt soldiers, R.*

[*To the King.*] Thrash'd are your foes—this watch and  
silken string,

Worn by their chief, I as a trophy bring ;  
I knock'd him down, then snatch'd it from his fob ;  
" Watch, watch," he cried, when I had done the job :







"My watch is gone," says he—says I "Just so ;

"Stop where you are—watches were made to go."

*Art.* For which we make you Duke of Strombello.

[*Bombastes kneels ; the King dubs him with a pipe,  
and then presents the bowl.*

From our own bowl here drink, my soldier true ;

And if you'd like to take a whiff or two,

He whose brave arm hath made our foes to crouch,

Shall have a pipe from this our royal pouch.

*Bom.* [*Rising, R.*] Honours so great have all my toils repaid !

My Liege, and Fusbos, here's "Success to trade."

*Fus.* Well said, Bombastes ! since thy mighty blows

Have given a quietus to our foes,

Now shall our farmers gather in their crops,

And busy tradesmen mind their crowded shops ;

The deadly havock of war's hatchet cease ;

Nor shall we smoke the *calumet* of peace.

*Art.* I shall smoke short-cut, you smoke what you please.

*Bom.* Whate'er your Majesty shall deign to name,  
*Short cut or long to me is all the same.*

*Bom.* & } In *short*, so *long* as we your favours claim,  
*Fus.* }

*Short cut or long, to us is all the same.*

*Art.* Thanks, gen'rous friends ! now list whilst I impart

How firm you're lock'd and bolted in my heart :

So long as *this here* pouch a pipe contains,

Or a full glass in *that there* bowl remains,

To you an equal portion shall belong ;

This do I swear, and now—let's have a song.

*Fus.* [*Advancing and attempting to sing.*] My Liege  
shall he obey'd.

*Bom.* Fusbos, give place,

You know you haven't got a singing face ;

Here, nature smiling, gave the winning grace.

### SONG.—BOMBASTES.

AIR—"Hope Told a Flattering Tale."

Hope told a flattering tale,

Much longer than my arm,

That love and pots of ale

In peace would keep me warm :

The flatt'rer is not gone,  
 She visits number one :  
 In love I'm wondrous deep,  
 Love ! odsbobs, destroys my sleep.

Hope told a flattering tale,  
     Lest love should soon grow cool ;  
 A tub thrown to a whale,  
     To make the fish a fool.  
 Should Distaffina frown,  
 Then love's gone out of town ;  
 And when love's dream is o'er,  
 Then we wake and dream no more. [*Exit, L.*]

[*The King evinces strong emotions during the song,  
 and at the conclusion starts up.*]

*Fus.* What ails my Liege ? ah ! why that look so sad ?

*Art.* [*Coming forward.*] I am am in love ! I scorch, I freeze, I'm mad !

O tell me Fusbos, first and best of friends,  
 You, who have wisdom at your fingers' ends,  
 Shall it be so, or shall it not be so ?  
 Shall I my Griskinissa's charms forego,  
 Compel her to give up the regal chair,  
 And place the rosy Distaffina there !  
 In such a case what course can I pursue ?  
 I love my queen and Distaffina too.

*Fus.* And would a king his General supplant ?  
 I can't advise, upon my soul I can't.

*Art.* So when two feasts, whereat there's nought to pay,  
 Fall unpropitious on the self-same day,  
 The anxious Cit each invitation views,  
 And ponders which to take or which refuse,  
 From *this* or *that* to keep away is loth,  
 And sighs to think he cannot dine at both. [*Exit, L.*]

*Fus.* So when some school-boy on a rainy day  
 Finds all his playmates will no longer stay,  
 He takes the hint himself—and walks away. [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*Another apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter ARTAXOMINOUS, L.*

*Art.* I'll seek the maid I love, though in my way  
 A dozen gen'als stood in fierce array !





Such rosy beauties nature meant for kings ;  
Subjects have treat enough to see such things.

## SONG.—ARTAXOMINOUS.

AIR — “ *Paddy O' Carrol.* ”

The Words by a Friend of the Author.

My love is so pretty,  
So lively and witty,  
None in town or city

Her hand would disgrace !

My lord of the woollack,  
His coachman would pull back,  
To get a look full smack

At her pretty face.

Mathematical teachers,  
Stiff methodist preachers,  
And all the gay creatures

That run about town.

Great foreign ambassadors,  
Never can pass her doors,  
But my sweet lass deplores

So much renown. Fal de ral, &amp;c.

Though she drives a wheelbarrow,  
Through streets wide and narrow,  
The school-boys from Harrow

May laugh if they dare.

Nor tasteful Grassini.  
Nor Billingtonini,  
Divine Catalani.

With her can compare.

Nor head with a mitre,  
Nor Belcher the fighter  
Can find out a brighter

Than my pretty maid.

But words are mere play-things,  
Neat trim holiday-things,  
They cannot half say things

Enough for my love. Fal de ral, &amp;c.

She's young and she's tender,  
She's tall and she's slender,  
As straight as a fender

From the top to the toe.

Eyes like stars glittering,  
Mouth always tittering,  
Fingers to fit a ring

Ne'er were made so

Her head like a holly-bow'r,  
Cheeks like a cauliflower,  
Nose like a jolly tower

By the sea-side.

Then haste, O ye days and nights,  
That I may taste delights,  
And with church holy rites

Make her my bride. *Fal de ral, &c. [Exit, R.]*

### SCENE III.—*Inside of a Cottage.*

*Enter DISTAFFINA, C. D. F.*

*Dis.* This morn, as sleeping in my bed I lay,  
I dreamt (and morning dreams come true, they say),  
I dreamt a cunning man my fortune told,  
And soon the pots and pans were turned to gold !  
Then I resolv'd to cut a mighty dash ;  
But, lo ! ere I could turn them into cash,  
Another cunning man my heart betray'd  
Stole all away, and left my debts unpaid.

*Enter ARTAXONIMOUS, L.*

And pray, sir, who are you I'd wish to know ?

*Art.* Perfection's self ! O smooth that angry brow !  
For love of thee I've wander'd thro' the town,  
And here have come to offer half a crown.

*Dis.* Fellow ! your paltry offer I despise :  
The great Bombastes' love alone I prize.

*Art.* He's but a Gen'ral—damsel, I'm a King ;

*Lis.* O Sir ! that makes it quite another thing.

*Art.* And think not, maiden, I could e'er design  
A sum so trifling for such charms as thine.  
No ! the half-crown that ting'd thy cheeks with red.  
And bade fierce anger o'er thy beauties spread,  
Was meant that thou should'st share my throne and bed.

*Dis.* [*Aside.*] My dream is out, and I shall soon behold  
The pots and pans all turn to shining gold.







*Art.* [*Putting his hat down to kneel on.*] Here on my  
 knees (those knees which ne'er till now  
 To man or maid in suppliance bent) I vow  
 Still to remain, till you my hopes fulfil,  
 Fixt as the monument on Fish-street hill.

*Dis.* [*Kneeling.*] And thus I swear, as I bestow my  
 hand,  
 As long as e'er the Monument shall stand,  
 So long I'm yours——

*Art.* Are then my wishes crown'd?

*Dis.* La! Sir, I'd not say no for twenty pound:  
 Let silly maids for love their favours yield,  
 Rich ones for me—a king against the field.

SONG.—DISTAFFINA.

AIR — “ *Paddy's Wedding.* ”

Queen Dido at  
 Her palace gate  
 Sat darning of her stocking O ;  
 She sung and drew  
 The worsted through,  
 Whilst her foot was the cradle rocking O.  
 (For a babe she had  
 By a soldier lad  
 Though hist'ry passes it over O ;)  
 “ You tell-tale brat,  
 “ I've been a flat,  
 “ Your daddy has proved a rover O.  
 “ What a fool was I  
 “ To be cozen'd by  
 “ A fellow without a penny O ;  
 “ When rich ones came,  
 “ And ask'd the same,  
 “ For I'd offers from never so many O.  
 “ But I'll darn my hose,  
 “ Look out for beaus,  
 “ And quickly get a new lover O.  
 ‘ Then come, lads, come,  
 ‘ Love beats the drum,  
 “ And a fig for Æneas the rover O.”

*Art.* So Orpheus sung of old, or poets lie,  
 And as the brutes were charm'd, e'en so am I.

Rosy-cheek'd maid, henceforth my only queen,  
 Full soon shalt thou in royal robes be seen;  
 And through my realm I'll issue this decree,  
 None shall appear of taller growth than thee:  
 Painters no other face pourtray—each sign  
 O'er alehouse hung shall change its head for thine.  
 Poets shall cancel their unpublish'd lays,  
 And none presume to write but in thy praise.

[*Distaffina produces a bottle and glass, R.*]

*Dis.* And may I then, without offending, crave  
 My love to taste of this, the best I have?

*Art.* Were it the vilest liquor upon earth,  
 Thy touch would render it of matchless worth;  
 Dear shall the gift be held that comes from you;  
 Best proof of love, [*Drinks*] 'tis full proof—Hodges too:  
 Through all my veins I feel a genial glow,  
 It fires my soul——

*Bom.* [*Without.*] Ho, Distaffina, ho!

*Art.* Heard you that voice?

*Dis.* O yes, 'tis what's his name,  
 The General; send him packing as he came.

*Art.* And is it he? and doth he hither come?  
 Ah me! my guilty conscience strikes me dumb:  
 Where shall I go? say, whether shall I fly!  
 Hide me, oh hide me, from his injur'd eye!

*Dis.* Why sure you're not alarm'd at such a thing!  
 He's but a General, and you're a King.

[*Artaxominous secrets himself in a closet, R. F.*]

*Enter BOMBASTES, L.*

*Bom.* Lov'd Distaffina! now by my scars I vow,  
 Scars got—I haven't time to tell you how;  
 By all the risks my fearless heart hath run,  
 Risks of all shapes from bludgeon, sword and gun,  
 Steel traps, the patrol, bailiff-shrewd, and dun;  
 By the great bunch of laurels on my brow,  
 Ne'er did thy charms exceed their present glow!  
 O let me greet thee with a loving kiss— [*Sees the hat.*  
 Hell and the devil!—say who's hat is this?

*Dis.* Why help your silly brains, that's not a hat.

*Bom.* No hat?

*Dis.* Suppose it is, why what of that?  
 A hat can do no harm without a head!









*Bom.* Whoe'er it fits, this hour I doom him dead :  
Alive from hence the catiff shall not stir—

[*Discovers the King.*

Your most obedient, humble servant, sir.

*Art.* O General, O!—

*Bom.* My much-loved master, O!  
What means all this?

*Art.* Indeed I hardly know——

*Dis.* (R.) You hardly know!—a very pretty joke,  
If kingly promises so soon are broke!

*Art.* (L.) I do repent me of the foul design;  
To thee my brave Bombastes I restore  
Pure Distaffina, and will never more  
Through lane or street with lawless passion rove,  
But give to Griskinissa all my love.

*Bom.* (c.) No, no, I'll love no more; let him who can  
Fancy the maid who fancies every man.  
In some lone place I'll find a gloomy cave,  
There my own hands shall dig a spacious grave,  
Then all unseen I'll lay me down and die,  
Since woman's constancy is—all my eye.

TRIO.—DISTAFFINA, BOMBASTES, and ARTAXOMINOUS.

“AIR—*O Lady Fair.*”

*Dis.* O cruel man! where are you going?  
Sad are my wants, my rent is owing.

*Bom.* I go, I go, all comfort scorning;  
Some death I'll die before the morning.

*Dis.* Heigh O, Heigh O! sad is that warning:  
O do not die before the morning!

*Art.* I'll follow him, all danger scorning;  
He shall not die before the morning.

*Bom.* I go, I go, all comfort scorning,  
Some death I'll die before the morning.

*Dis.* Heigh O, Heigh O! sad is that warning:  
O do not die before the morning!

*Art.* I'll follow him, all danger scorning;  
He shall not die before the morning. [*Excunt, L.*

#### SCENE IV.—*A Wood.*

*Enter FUSBOS, L. U. E.*

*Fus.* This day is big with fate: just as I set  
My foot across the threshold, lo! I met

A man whose squint terrific struck my view ;  
 Another came, and, lo ! he squinted too :  
 And ere I'd reach'd the corner of the street,  
 Some in short pace, 'twas my lot to meet  
 A third who squinted more—a fourth, and he  
 Squinted more vilely than the other three.  
 Such omens met the eye when Cæsar fell,  
 But cautioned him in vain ; and who can tell  
 Whether those awful notices of fate  
 Are meant for Kings or Ministers of State ?  
 For rich or poor, old, young, or short or tall,  
 The wrestler Love trips up the heels of all.

SONG.—FUSBOS.

AIR—" *My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.*"

My lodging is in Leather-lane,  
 A parlour that's next to the sky ;  
 'Tis exposed to the wind and the rain,  
 But the wind and the rain I defy :  
 Such love warms the coldest of spots,  
 As I feel for Scrubinda the fair ;  
 O she lives by the scouring of pots,  
 In Dyot-street, Bloomsbury-square.

O was I a quart, pint, or gill,  
 To be scrubb'd by her delicate hands,  
 Let others possess what they will  
 Of learning, and houses and lands ;  
 My parlour that's next to the sky  
 I'd quit her blest mansion to share ;  
 So happy to live and to die  
 In Dyot-street, Bloomsbury-square.

And O would this damsel be mine !  
 No other provision I'd seek ;  
 On a *look* I could breakfast and dine,  
 And feast on a *smile* for a week.  
 But, ah ! should she false-hearted prove,  
 Suspended, I'll dangle in air ;  
 A victim to delicate love,  
 In Dyot-street, Bloomsbury-square. *Exit, l.*







*Enter BOMBASTES, R., preceded by a Fifer, playing  
"Michael Wiggins."*

*Bom.* Gentle musician, let thy dulcet strain  
Proceed—play Michael Wiggins once again,—  
Music's the food of love ; give o'er, give o'er,  
For I must batten on that food no more. *Exit, Fifer, L.*  
My happiness is chang'd to doleful dumps,  
Whilst, merry Michael, all thy cards were trumps.  
So, should some youth by fortune's blest decrees  
Possess at least a pound of Cheshire cheese.  
And bent some favour'd party to regale,  
Lay in a kilderkin, or so, of ale ;  
Lo ! angry fate, in one unlucky hour  
Some hungry rats may all the cheese devour  
And the loud thunder turn the liquor sour.

*[Forms his sash into a noose.*

Alas ! alack ! alack ! and well-a-day,  
That ever man should make himself away ;  
That ever man for woman false should die,  
As many have, and so, and so——won't I ;  
No, I'll go mad ! 'gainst all I'll vent my rage,  
And with this wicked wanton world a woful war I'll wage.

*[Hangs his boots to the arm of a tree, R., and taking a  
scrap of paper, with a pencil writes the following  
couplet, which he attaches to them, repeating the  
words—*

"Who dares this pair of boots displace,

"Must meet Bombastes face to face."

Thus do I challenge all the human race.

*[Draws his sword, and retires up c.*

*Enter ARTAXOMINOUS, L.*

*Art.* Scorning my proffer'd hand he frowning fled,  
Curs'd the fair maid, and shook his angry head.

*[Perceives the boots and label.*

"Who dares this pair of boots displace,

"Must meet Bombastes face to face."

Ha ! dost thou dare me ? vile obnoxious elf ;

I'll make thy threats as *bootless* as thyself :

Where'er thou art, with speed prepare to go

Where I shall send thee—to the shades below !

*[Knocks down the boots with his sword.*

*Bom.* [*Coming forward.*] So have I heard on Afric's  
burning shore,

A hungry lion give a grievous roar ;  
The grievous roar echoed along the shore.

*Art.* So have I heard on Afric's burning shore  
Another lion give a grievous roar,  
And the first lion thought the last a bore.

*Bom.* Am I then mock'd ? Now by my fame I swear  
You shall soon have it—There ! [*They fight.*]

*Art.* Where ?

*Bom.* There—and there.

*Art.* I have it sure enough—Oh ! I am slain,  
I'd give a pot of beer to live again ;  
Yet, ere I die, I something have to say :  
My once lov'd Gen'ral, prithee come this way !  
Oh ! Oh ! my Bom— [*Falls on his back, c.*]

*Bom.*                               bastes he would have said :

But ere the word was out his breath was fled.  
Well, peace be with him, his untimely doom  
Shall thus be mark'd upon his costly tomb :—  
“ Fate cropt him short—for be it understood,  
“ He would have lived much longer—if he could.”

[*Retires again up R.*]

*Enter FUSBOS, L.*

*Fus.* This was the way they came, and much, I fear  
There's mischief in the wind—what have we here ?  
King Artaxominous bereft of life !  
Here'll be a pretty tale to tell his wife.

*Bom.* A pretty tale, but not for thee to tell,  
For thou shalt quickly follow him to hell ;  
There say I sent thee, and I hope he's well.

*Fus.* No, thou thyself shalt thy own message bear ;  
Short is the journey, thou wilt soon be there. [*They fight.*]

DUET.—*Weippert's Fancy.*

*Bom.* I'll quickly run you through,

*Fus.* No hang me if you do,

I think I know a trick can equal two of that ;

My sword I well can use,

So mind your P's and Q's :





*Bom.* I thank you, Sir, but I must caution you of that.

*Lord Cathcart's Favourite.*

*Fus.* 'Tis a pleasure to fight  
With a man so polite,  
Then hear in return what I'll do, sir ;  
I'll take down aught you'll say  
In the will-making way,  
And be your Executor too, sir.

*Bom.* O sir, there's no need  
For so friendly a deed,  
But I hope for yourself you're provided ;  
Since your worldly affairs  
Will devolve on your heirs.  
As soon as the point is decided,  
Then come on while you can,  
Meet your fate like a man—  
Bombastes shall ne'er be derided.

*Bom.* O Fusbos, Fusbos, I am diddled quite,  
Dark clouds come o'er my eyes, farewell, good night !  
Good night ! my mighty soul's inclined to roam,  
So make my compliments to all at home.

[*Lies down by the King.*]

*Fus.* And o'er thy grave a monument shall rise,  
Where heroes yet unborn shall feast their eyes ;  
And this short Epitaph that speaks thy fame,  
Shall also there immortalize my name :—  
“ Here lies Bombastes stout of heart and limb,  
“ Who conquer'd all but Fusbos—Fusbos him.”

*Enter DISTAFFINA, L.*

*Dis.* Ah, wretched maid ! O miserable fate !  
I've just arrived in time to be too late :  
What now shall hapless Distaffina do ?  
Curse on all morning dreams they come so true.

*Fus.* Go, beauty, go, thou source of woe to man,  
And get another lover where you can :  
Th crown now sits on Griskinissa's head ;  
To her I'll go——

*Dis.* But are you sure they're dead ?

*Fus.* Yes, dead as herrings—herrings that are red.

## FINALE.

*Dis.* Briny tears I'll shed,  
*Art.* [*Rising.*] I for joy shall cry too :  
*Fus.* Zounds ! the King's alive ;  
*Bom.* [*Rising.*] Yes, and so am I too.  
*Dis.* It was better far  
*Art.* Thus to check all sorrow ;  
*Fus.* But, if some folks please,  
*Bom.* We'll die again to-morrow.  
*Dis.* Tu ral, lu ral, la,  
*Art.* Tu ral, lu ral, laddi ;  
*Fus.* Tu ral, lu ral, la,  
*Bom.* Tu ral, lu ral, laddi.

[*They take hands, and dance round repeating—*

*Dis.* Tu ral, lu ral, la,  
*Art.* Tu ral, lu ral, laddi ;  
*Fus.* Tu ral, lu ral, la,  
*Bom.* Tu ral, lu ral, laddi ;

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

THE END.









